# The BRONZE BELL

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SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming frightened at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Behari Lal Chatterji, "the appointed mouthpiece of the Bell," addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a mysterious little bronze box, "The Token," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain go hunting on an island and become lost and Amber is left marooned. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in England, and who appears to be in hiding. When Miss Farrell is mentioned Rutton is strangely agitated. Chatterji appears and summons Rutton to a meeting of a mysterious body. Rutton seizes a revolver and dashes after Chatterji. He returns wildly excited, says he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at once for India. On the way he sends a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country.

### CHAPTER IX. (Continued).

As Amber left the room Labertouche extinguished the lamp, shut and locked the door, and followed, catching Amber by the arm and guiding him through pitch darkness to the head of the stairs. "Don't talk," he whispered; "trust me." They descended an interminable flight of steps, passed down a long, echoing corridor, and again descended. From the foot of the second flight Labertouche shunted Amber round through what seemed a veritable maze of passages—in which, however, he was evidently at home. At length: "Now go ahead!" was breathed in Amber's ear and at the same time his arm was released.

He obeyed blindly, stumbling down a reeking corridor, and in a minute more, to his unutterable relief, was in the open air of the bazar.

Blinking with the abrupt transition from absolute night to garish light, he skulked in the shadow of the doorway, waiting. Beneath his gaze Calcutta paraded its congress of peoples—a comprehensive collection of specimens of every tribe in Hindustan and of nearly every other race in the world besides.

Like a fat, tawdry moth in his garments of soiled pink, a babu loitered past, with never a sidelong glance for the loaferish figure in the shadowed doorway; and the latter seemed himself absorbed in the family of Eurasians who were shrilly squabbling with the keeper of vegetable stall adjacent. But presently he wearied of their noise, yawned, thrust both hands deep in his pockets and stumbled away. The bazar accepted him as a brother, unquestioning, and he picked his way through it with an ease that argued nothing but absolute familiarity with his surroundings. But always you may be sure, he had the gleam of pink satin in the corner of his eye.

In time broad Machua bazar street received them—Pink Satin and the sailorman out for a night of it. And now, Pink Satin began to stroll more sedately, manifesting a livelier interest in the sights of the wayside. Amber's impatience—for he guessed that they neared the goldsmith's stall—increased prodigiously.

Without warning, Pink Satin pulled up, extracted from the recesses of his costume a long, black and vindictive-looking native cigar, and lighted it, thoughtfully exhaling the smoke through his nose while he stared covetously at the display of a slipper-merchant whose stand was over across from the stall of a goldsmith.

With true oriental deliberation Pink Satin finally made up his mind to move on; and Amber lurched heavily into the premises occupied by one Dhola Baksh, a goldsmith.

A customer, a slim, handsome Malayan youth, for the moment held the attention of the proprietor. The two were haggling with characteristic enjoyment over a transaction which seemed to involve less than twenty rupees. Amber waited, knowing that patience must be his portion until the bargain should be struck. Dhola Baksh himself, a lean, sharp-featured Mahratta gray with age, appraised with a single look the new customer, and returned his interest to the Malay. But Amber garnered from that glance a sensation of recognition. He wondered dimly, why; could the goldsmith have been warned of his coming?

Two or three more putative customers idled into the shop. Beyond its threshold the stream of native life rolled on, ceaselessly fluent; a pageant of the middle ages had been no more fantastic and unreal to western eyes. Now and again a wayfarer paused, his interest attracted by the goldsmith's rush of business.

Unexpectedly the proprietor made a substantial concession. Money passed upon the instant, sealing the bargain. The Malay rose to go. Dhola Baksh lifted a stony stare to Amber.

"Your pleasure, sahib?" he inquired, with a thinly-veiled sneer. What need to show deference to a down-at-the-heel sailor from the port?

"I want money—I want to borrow," said Amber promptly.

"On your word, sahib?"

"Oh security."

"What manner of security can you offer?"

"A ring—an emerald ring."

Dhola Baksh shrugged. His eyes shifted from Amber to the encircling faces of the bystanders. "I am a poor man," he whined. "How should I have money to lend? Come to me on the morrow; then mayhap I may have a few rupees. Tonight I have neither cash nor time."

The hint was lost upon Amber. "A stone of price—" he persisted.

With a disturbed and apprehensive look, the money-lender rose. "Come, then," he grumbled, "if you must—"

A voice cried out behind Amber—"Heh!"—more a squeal than a cry. Intuitively, as at a signal of danger, he leaped aside. Simultaneously something like a beam of light sped past his head. The goldsmith uttered one dreadful, choking scream, and went to his knees. For as many as three seconds he swayed back and forth, his features terribly contorted, his thin old hands plucking at the handle of a broadbladed dagger which had transfixed his throat. Then he tumbled forward on his face, kicking.

There followed a single instant of suspense and horror, then a mad rush of feet as the street stampeded into the shop. Voices clamored to the skies. Somehow the lights went out.

Amber started to fight his way out. As he struggled on, making little headway through the press, a hand grasped his arm and drew him another way.

"Make haste, hazoor!" cried the owner of the hand, in Hindustani. "Make haste, lest they seek to fasten this crime upon your head."

### CHAPTER X.

Maharana of Khandawar.

Both hand and voice might well have been Labertouche's; Amber believed they were. And the darkness rendered visual identification impossible. No shadow of doubt troubled him as he yielded to the urgent hand, and permitted himself to be dragged, more than led, through the reeking, milling mob, whose numbers seemed each instant augmented. He had thought, dully, to find it a difficult matter to worm through and escape, but somehow his guide seemed to have little trouble.

Ever since that knife had flown past his cheek, his instinct of self-preservation had been dominated by a serene confidence that Pink Satin was at hand to steer him in safety away from the brawl. He thanked his stars for Labertouche—for the hand that clasped his arm and the voice that spoke guardedly in his ear.

And then, by the light of the street, he discovered that his gratitude had been premature and misplaced. His guide had fallen a pace behind and was shouldering him along with almost frantic energy; but a glance aside showed Amber, in Labertouche's stead, a chunky little Gurkha in the fatigue uniform of his regiment of the British army of India. Pink Satin was nowhere in sight, and it was immediately apparent that an attempt to find him among the teeming hundreds before the goldsmith's stall would be as futile as foolish—if not fatal. Yet Amber's impulse was to wait, and he faltered—something which seemed to exasperate the gurkha, who fairly danced with excitement and impatience.

"Hasten, hazoor!" he cried. "Is this a time to loiter? Hasten ere they charge you with this spilling of blood. The gods lend wings to our feet this night!"

"But who are you?" demanded Amber.

"What matter is that? Is it not enough that I am here and well disposed toward you, that I risk my skin to save yours?" He cannoned suddenly against Amber, shunting him unceremoniously out of the bazar road and into a narrow black alley.

Simultaneously Amber heard a cry go up, shrill above the clamor of the mob, screaming that a white sailor had knifed the goldsmith. And he turned pale beneath his tan.

"You hear, hazoor? They are naming you to the police-wallahs. Come!"

"You're right." Amber fell into a long, free stride that threatened quickly to distance the gurkha's short, sturdy legs. "Yet why do you take this trouble for me?"

"Why ask?" panted the gurkha. "Did I not stand behind you and see that you did not throw the knife? Am I a dog to stand by and see an innocent man yoked to a crime?" He laughed shortly. "Am I a fool to forget how great is the generosity of kings? This way, hazoor!"

"Why call me king?" Amber hurdled a heap of offal and picked up his pace again. "Yet you will find me generous, though but a sahib."

"The sahibs are very generous." Again the gurkha laughed briefly and unpleasantly. "But this is no time for words. Save your breath, for now we must run."

He broke into a springy lope, his chin up, elbows in and chest distended, his quick small feet alooping regardlessly through the vicious mud of the unpaved byway.

By now the voice of the chase had subsided to a dull and distant muttering far behind them, and the way was clear. Beyond its age-old, ineradicable atmosphere of secret infamy there was nothing threatening in the aspect of the neighborhood. And the gurkha pulled up, breathing like a wind-broken horse.

"Easily, hazoor!" he gasped. "There is time for rest."

Willingly Amber dropped into a wavering stride, so nearly exhausted that his legs shook under him, and he reeled drunkenly; and, fighting for breath, they stumbled on, side by side, in the shadow of the overhanging walls, until as they neared a corner the gurkha halted Amber with an imperative gesture.

"The police, sahib, the police!" he breathed, with an expressive sweep of his hand toward the cross street. "Let us wait here till they pass." And in evident panic he crowded Amber into the deep and gloomy recess afforded by a door overhung by a balcony.

Taken off his guard, but with growing doubt, Amber was on the point of remonstrating. Why should the police concern themselves with peaceful wayfarers? They could not yet have heard of the crime in the Bazar, miles distant. But as he opened his lips he heard the latch click behind him, and before he could lift a finger the gurkha had flung himself bodily upon him, fairly lifting the American across the theshold.

They went down together, the gurkha on top. And the door crashed to with a rattle of bolts, leaving Amber on his back, in total darkness, betrayed, lost, and alone with his enemies. . . .

Amber went temporarily mad with rage. He was no stranger to fear—no man with an imagination is; but for the time being he was utterly foolhardy. He forgot his exhaustion, forgot the hopelessness of his plight, forgot everything save his insatiable thirst for vengeance. He was, in our homely idiom, fighting-mad.

One instant overpowered by and supine beneath the gurkha, the next he had flung the man off and bounded to his feet. There was the automatic pistol in his coat pocket, but, he, conscious that many hands were reaching out in the darkness to drag him down again, found no time to draw it. He seemed to feel the presence of the nearest antagonist, whom he could by no means see; for he struck out with both bare, clenched fists, one after the other, with his weight behind each, and both blows landed. The room rang with the sounds of the struggle, the shuffle, thud, and scrape of feet both booted and bare, the hoarse, harsh breathing of the combatants, their groans, their whispers, their low, tense cries.

And abruptly it was over. He was borne down by sheer weight of numbers. Though he fought with the insanity of despair they were too many for him. He went a second time to the floor; beneath a dozen half-nude bodies. Below him lay another, with an arm encircling his throat, the elbow beneath his chin compressing his windpipe. Powerless to move hand or foot, he gave up . . . and wondered dully why it was that a knife had not been slipped between his ribs—between the fifth and sixth—or in his back, beneath the left shoulder blade, and why his gullet remained unslit.

Gradually it was forced upon him that his captors meant him no bodily harm, for the present at least. His wrath subsided and gave place to curiosity while he rested, regaining his wind, and the natives squirmed away from him, leaving one man kneeling upon his chest and four others each pinioning a limb.

There followed a wait, while some several persons indulged in a whispered confabulation at a distance from him too great for their words to be articulate. Then came a croaking laugh out of the darkness and words intended for his ear.

"By Malang Shah! but my lord doth fight like a Rajput!"

Amber caught his breath and exploded. "Half a chance, you damned thugs, and I'll show you how an American can fight!"

But he had spoken in English, and his hearers gathered the import of his words only from his tone, apparently. He who had addressed him laughed applausively.

"It was a gallant fight," he commented, "but like all good things hath had its end. My lord is overcome. Is my lord still minded for battle or for peace? Dare I, his servant, give orders for his release, or—"

Here Amber interrupted; stung by the bitter irony, he told the speaker in fluent idiomatic Hindustani precisely what he might expect if his "lord" ever got the shadow of a chance to lay hands upon him.

The grim cackling laugh followed his words, a mocking echo, and was his only answer. But for all his defiance, he presently heard orders issued to take him up and bear him to another chamber.

Unexpectedly he was let down upon the floor and released. Bare feet scurried away in the darkness and a door closed with a resounding bang. He was alone, for all he could say to the contrary—alone and unharmed. He was more: he was astonished; he had not been disarmed.

A flood of lamplight leaped through some opening behind him and showed him his shadow, long and gigantic upon the floor of earth and a wall of stone. He wheeled about, alert as a cat; and the sight of his pistol hung steady between the eyes of one who stood at ease, with folded arms, in an open doorway. Over his shoulder was visible the bare brown poll of an attendant whose lank brown arm held aloft the lamp.

One does not shoot down in cold blood a man who makes no aggressive move, and he who stood in the doorway endured impassively the mute threat of the pistol. Above its sight his eyes met Amber's with a level and unwavering glance, shining out of a dark, set face cast in a mold of insolence and pride. A bushy black beard was parted at his chin and brushed stiffly back. Between his thin hard lips, parted in a shadowy smile, his teeth gleamed white. Standing a head taller than Amber and very gracefully erect in clothing of a semi-military cut and of regal magnificence, every inch of his pose bespoke power, position, and the habit of authority.

A Comprehensive Collection of Specimens of Every Tribe.

At once impressed and irritated by his attitude, Amber lowered his weapon. "Well?" he demanded querulously. "What do you want? What's your part in this infamous outrage?"

On the other's face the faint smile became more definite. He nodded nonchalantly at Amber's pistol. "My lord intends to shoot?" he enquired in English, his tone courteous and suave.

"That's as may be," retorted Amber defiantly. "I'm going to have satisfaction for this outrage if I die getting it. You may count on that, first and last."

The man lifted his eyebrows and his shoulders in deprecation; then turned to his attendant. "Put down the light and leave us," he said curtly in Hindustani.

Bowing obsequiously, the servant entered and departed, leaving the lamp upon a wooden shelf braced against one side of the four-square, stone-walled dungeon. As he went out he closed the door, and Amber noted that it was a heavy sheet of iron or steel, very substantial. His face darkened.

"I presume you know what that means," he said, with a significant jerk of his head toward the door. "It'll never be shut on me alone. We'll leave together, you and I, if we both go out feet first." He lifted the pistol and took the measure of the man, not in any spirit of bravado, but with absolute sincerity. "I trust I make my meaning plain?"

"Most clear, hazoor." The other showed his teeth in an appreciative smile. "And yet"—with an expressive outward movement of both hands—"what is the need of all this?"

"What!" Amber choked with resentment. "What was the need of setting your thugs upon me—of kidnaping me?"

"That, my lord, was an error of judgment on the part of one who shall pay for it full measure. I trust you were not rudely treated."

"I'd like to know what in blazes you call it," snapped Amber. "I'm dogged by your spies—heaven knows why!—lured to this place, butted

Every Inch of His Pose Bespoke Power, Position and Habit of Authority.

bodily into the arms of a gang of ruffians to be manhandled, and finally locked up in a dark cell. I don't suppose you've got the nerve to call that courteous treatment."

He had an advantage, and knowing it, was pushing it to the limit; for all his nonchalance the black man was not unconscious of the pistol; his eye never forgot it. And Amber's eyes left his not an instant. Despite that the fellow's next move was a distinct surprise.

Suddenly and with superb grace, he stepped forward and dropped to one knee at Amber's feet, bowing his head and offering the hilt of his sword to the American.

"My lord," he said swiftly in Hindustani, "if I have misjudged thee, if I have earned thy displeasure, upon my head be it. See, I give my life into thy hands; but a little quiver of thy forefinger and I am as dust. . . . An ill report of thee was brought to me, and I did err in crediting it. It is true that I set this trap for thee; but see, my lord! though I did so, it was with no evil intent. I thought but to make sure of thee and bid thee welcome, as a faithful steward should, to thy motherland. . . . Maha Rao Rana, Har Dyal Rutton Bahadur, heaven-born, king of kings, chosen of the Voice, cherished of the Eye, beloved of the Heart, bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the Body, guardian of the Gateway of Swords! . . . I, thy servant, Salig Singh, bid thee welcome to Bharuta!"

Sonorous and not unpleasing, his voice trembled with intense and unquestionable earnestness; and when it ceased he remained motionless in his attitude of humility. Amber, hardly able to credit his hearing, stared down at the man stupidly, his head awhirl with curiously commingled sensations of amazement and enlightenment. Presently he laughed shortly.

"Get up," he said; "get up and stand over there by the wall and don't be a silly ass."

"Hazoor!" There was reproach in Salig Singh's accents; but he obeyed, rising and retreating to the further wall there to hold himself at attention.

"Now see here," began Amber, designedly continuing his half of the conversation in English—far too much misunderstanding had already been brought about by his too-ready familiarity with Urdu. He paused a little to collect his thoughts, then resumed: "Now see here, you're Salig Singh, maharana of Khandawar?" This much he recalled from his conversation with Labertouche a couple of hours gone.

"Hazoor, why dost thou need ask? Thou dost know." The Rajput, on his part, steadfastly refused to return to English.

"But you are, aren't you?"

"By thy favor, it is even so."

"And you think I'm Rutton—Har Dyal Rutton, as you call him, the former maharana who abdicated in your favor?"

The Rajput shrugged expressively, an angry light in his dark, bold eyes. "It pleases my lord to jest," he complained; "but am I a child, to be played with?"

"I'm not joking, Salig Singh, and this business is no joke at all. What I'm trying to drive into your head is the fact that you've made the mistake of your life. I'm not Rutton and I'm nothing like Rutton; I am an American citizen and—"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Throw Cream Away.

She was a city bride, who had never before taken a hand in housekeeping and knew but little about things in the kitchen. A few mornings ago she got after the milkman.

"What's the matter with your milk?" she said, with great vehemance.

"I don't know," he replied. "What do you find wrong with it?"

"Well," she said, "every morning it is covered with a nasty yellow scum."

"And what do you do with the scum?"

"Why, I skim it off, of course, and throw it in the garbage can."—Farmers' Guide.

## STATESMANSHIP!


Nobody Shall Attempt a Rescue Until My Expert Here Shows Them How—And He Won't Be Ready Until December.

## ACCIDENT OR DESIGN?

### DEFECT IN CAMPAIGN PUBLICITY LAW NULLIFIES ACT.

Opinion Will Be General That the Bill as It Came From the House Was "Tinkered" in the Senate.

The discovery has been made in Washington that the intent of the campaign publicity law, so far as it applies to the senate, has been nullified. The law was enacted during the hurry and confusion attending the closing hours of congress, and it may be that the defect which has been found in it is due to clerical carelessness. On the other hand, it may have been brought about deliberately.

The law, as originally drafted, provided that lists of the expenditures of committees in charge of the campaigns of candidates for the senate and the house of representatives should be filed with the clerks of those bodies and be a matter of record, open to public inspection at all times.

There is a warm senatorial contest on in Virginia, with four candidates. Two of them have filed their expense statements. The primaries are to be held September 7, and naturally the voters of the state desire to know to what extent money has been used in the campaign. Newspaper correspondents applied to the secretary of the senate for permission to see the expense accounts already filed. He refused. As his authority, he showed the new law, as it has been enacted. Then it became apparent that so far as the senate is concerned the provision requiring publicity had been omitted.

The senate does not stand any too well with the country now and the general opinion is bound to be that the bill, as it came from the house, was tinkered with. Whether that is the case or not, the best thing the senate can do, as soon as congress reconvenes, is to so amend the law as to make it fulfill the end for which it was intended.

Its only purpose was publicity of campaign expenditures for senators and representatives. That is something which has long been demanded by the people and they are not to be cheated out of it for long, either by accident or design.—St. Louis Republic.

### Systematic Tariff Robbery.

There is a joke concealed in this little tariff story, according to Mr. Bryan's Commoner. The task of the reader will be to detect the joke, then decide just whom the joke is on. The country consumes about three million tons of sugar a year. Of this amount 2,300,000 tons is imported and 700,000 tons produced at home. The home product isn't worth as much as Nebraska's egg and butter crop by several millions of dollars. Yet under the guise of "protecting" the American sugar raiser the sugar consumers are taxed about 250 million dollars a year. Sugar is retailing at about $117 a ton. We could buy the home product and give it away, paying the price now obtaining under protection, then throw it away, and save 170 million dollars a year by putting sugar on the free list.

In Rochester, N. Y., President Taft declared his opposition to "nostrums of reform which demagogues and theoretical enthusiasts have advanced for the solution of the problem of concentrated wealth." The president apparently prefers to let concentrated wealth suggest its own solution.

### Has Lost Confidence of Country.

With all the respect that is due to the head of this nation, thinking men will find it hard to repose continued confidence in the president, who has declared the Payne-Aldrich bill "the best tariff the Republicans ever enacted;" who has subsequently admitted its iniquities; and who has finally put his veto upon reasonable measures of congress for the abatement of these iniquities.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### Must Be a Compromise.

In his Hamilton speech President Taft seems to hold out hope for tariff revision at the next session of congress.

But how?

One of the reasons he gave for vetoing the wool bill was that it was "a compromise." And does he suppose that any tariff measure that is not a compromise can get through a congress with a Republican senate and a Democratic house?

Sometimes when you put your shoulder to the wheel you have to shove the whole load.

## MAY BE PROUD OF RECORD

### Democrats in Recent Session Have Shown the Nation That Its Faith Is Justified.

The adjournment of the special session of congress is chiefly notable for the fact that it leaves the Democracy with a clean record before the country.

By grace of Democratic votes and persistency the pet measure of a Republican administration, Canadian reciprocity, and the subject which brought the special session into existence, was steered safely through hostile Republican waters and put before the Dominion parliament for ratification.

On the side of tariff legislation the party has accomplished all that could have been expected of it, viewing the handicap and the shifting coalition under which it worked and upon which it had to depend.

The full effect of the president's successive vetoes of measures aimed at materializing policies that trailed Republican pledges no less than Democratic doctrine can, of course, be accurately estimated only after the final record of the next regular session is made up.

What counts principally is that the Democracy has amply demonstrated a capacity for cohesion and discipline, giving a body blow to Republican prophecies that the old-time dissensions and demoralization would nullify the fruits of the victory of last fall.

Thus far the nation's vote of confidence has been justified. The temper of the organization has, moreover, been sufficiently tested to give earnest that the constructive steadiness of the recent session may be expected to carry its omen of victory up to the presidential election next autumn.—Atlanta Constitution.

### The Elections of 1911.

Six states will elect governors this year—Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Rhode Island and Vermont. Mississippi and Maryland are conceded to the Democrats. Rhode Island and Vermont probably are as surely Republican. The Republicans have the governor of Kentucky now, and will make a fight for his re-election with slight hope of success, but with the United States senatorship in the balance in that state, the greater chance seems to be with the Kentucky Democrats.

The really interesting campaign this year will be in Massachusetts. Last year the Democrats elected Eugene N. Foss, and he has given the state a progressive administration. But the Republicans are planning to make Massachusetts the national battle ground in the 1911 elections. If they can win back the state it will be accepted by the Republican national organization as an indication that the tide of insurgency against the administration is receding.

The fight to "redeem" Massachusetts will be led by Senator Lodge and Representative McCall, both friends of the Taft administration. McCall led the fight on the Republican side in the house for reciprocity. Senator Lodge gave his support to reciprocity, but did not take the interest in the measure that was manifested by Mr. McCall. The Massachusetts farmers were among those who protested against reciprocity through their Grange organizations. But Representative McCall says that public sentiment is changing on the subject or reciprocity, and that if the Democrats make an issue of it the Republicans will accept it, thus adding national interest in the Massachusetts fight by joining issues over a nationa' measure.

### Free Trade Not Demanded.

The country stands for tariff revision and demands it. But the people also demand careful, competent work in changing the duties on imports. The American people have not forsaken the broad principle of protection. They have not turned their backs upon home industries and interests. This country has not been converted to free trade, nor is it going to be.—Cleveland Leader.

### Keynote of Campaign.

Champ Clark has framed up the issues for the coming presidential campaign by the announcement that the Democrats redeemed their election promises by passing the several measures that were promptly vetoed by President Taft. On these issues, says Clark, we appeal to the country. This will be the Democratic keynote of the campaign.

When the average man gets what he really deserves he begins to howl to the effect that he is being persecuted.

## BUILDING 100 STORIES HIGH

### Nothing Improbable in Report of Plans for New Structure for City of New York.

There is nothing intrinsically improbable in the report that a hundred story building has been planned for New York. A 50-story building is already in process of construction there, and presumably there are no serious engineering problems involved in the higher structure that have not been encountered in the lower. The one essential would appear to be that a plot of ground sufficient in area to provide an ample base should be obtained; the relation between base and height in skyscrapers has been at least theoretically determined. Whether a hundred story building is commercially practicable is another question. Would a suite of offices on the ninety-ninth floor, say, rent easily? This is something that perhaps even the real estate experts in Manhattan could not decide offhand. But if the hundred story structure should be built, rising 1,200 feet above the pavement, New York would take a certain pride in having by far the loftiest building in the world, a contrivance of steel and cement greatly overtopping the famous Eiffel tower.—Providence Journal.

### Hospital Its Own Cannery.

Hereafter the Southern California State hospital at Patton will not sell its green fruits for a song and pay a high price for canned goods. Arrangements have been made to put up from eight to ten thousand gallons of peaches, apricots and tomatoes, and a consignment of 6,000 gallon cans has recently been received for that purpose.

On the state grounds are several acres of deciduous fruits. Superintendent Blair could see no reason why this should not be conserved for use in the institution, which feeds more than 1,500 persons, rather than buying canned goods in Los Angeles or Pomona.

So it has come about that a room has been prepared in which to carry on the work, and the apricot crop is being successfully handled at this time. Next in order of ripening will be the peaches, and later thousands of gallons of tomatoes, almost indispensable in an institution of this kind, will be stored away in the hospital larder.

### The Trouble.

"What's the matter with the rake?" "It is apt to run amuck."